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HENRY J. HOWLAND.

BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES.

THIRD LECTURE—ON EGYPT.

Condensed from the New York Observer.

The dates of the founding of the Egyptian cities are buried in remote and hopeless obscurity. In the days of Homer, Thebes was in its glory; and in the days of Herodotus, who lived and wrote 2500 years ago, it lay in ruins.

ALEXANDRIA

Is still a great sea-port on the shores of the Mediterranean, and bears the name of its founder, Alexander of Macedonia. The country around is neither fertile nor picturesque; nor are there near the spot any springs of water fit for drinking. It is situated on a long, narrow, level strip of sand, so perfectly arid and unproductive, that not a tree, shrub, or verdant spot is visible from the highest minaret of the city, though commanding a prospect of fifty miles around. Instead of grateful undulations, the face of the country is completely monotonous. The Nile, which is the nearest source of good drinking water, is sixty miles distant. Why did Alexander select such a site for the city? In examining his history I ascertained that Alexander, whose mind had been cultivated and in a measure formed by Aristotle, the master spirit of that age, had been brought up with the deepest veneration for the ancient country of Egypt, and for her fame as the ancient mother of arts and learning. This impression took early possession of the thoughts and feelings of every Greek; and Rome, in a subsequent age, continued to regard Egypt as the source and fountain-head of all the streams of knowledge, which fertilized the rest of the world. Attracted by these impressions, Alexander visited Egypt to complete his education. While, from its central position between Europe and Asia, Egypt seemed naturally formed for commerce, Alexander saw that she had not a single important sea-port; for, though the seven mouths of the Nile had each a city at the sea, these harbors admitted only of small vessels. He accordingly sought out and fixed upon a favorable spot for a harbor and said—"Here will I found a city. A harbor once formed, commerce will soon overcome all obstacles."

The proposal to erect a great city on this sandy beach, sixty miles from the mouth of the Nile, was likely to excite in the minds of the people little else than ridicule and contempt; but, if the design was patronized by the gods, the popular superstition would be turned in its favor. Hence he went into Libya to consult the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, as to the prospect of success in building the city. The omens proved favorable, and Alexander returned under the pretended sanction of Jupiter.

PLAN OF THE CITY.

Alexander laid out the city in the form of a bow bent, with the straight side towards the sea and the arc extending inwards towards the land. On the sea, it extended fifteen miles, twice the length of London from Hyde Park to the farthest limit of what is called "the city." In arranging the plan, Alexander laid the principal street from the sea back, representing the position of an arrow upon the bow which he had drawn. The further end of this street from the sea, terminated with a magnificent gateway. The topography of this street may still be traced by the ruins of the pillars which adorned it. Its extent was five miles in length, on a perfect level, and 1000 feet in width. Its whole extent could be taken in by the eye at a single view.

There is, in all the monuments of antiquity, a harmony of proportion which is almost unknown in the works of modern times, and the plan of Alexandria, as well as its public buildings, was strikingly marked with this harmony.

The great avenue which I have been describing, was terminated at either end by a forest of masts; for, while one extremity looked upon the sea, the gateway at the other opened upon Lake Marcotis. Its beauty was yet further increased, not only by the altitude and magnificence of the houses, but by a covered way, on either side, of fifty feet in width, the roof of which was supported by an unbroken colonnade of the Corinthian order. The effect of such a row of columns may be easier conceived than described. On this street were the principal public edifices. The other streets corresponded with it, though they could not pretend to equal it; and the whole combined to

form one of the most beautiful cities that have ever existed.

The great avenue was bisected in the centre by another at right angles to it, where stood the temple of Serapis, the divinity worshipped in Lower Egypt, as Isis was in upper Egypt; for, among the idolaters of the ancient world, the different deities had their jurisdiction confined to particular districts of country.

The whole city was crowded with temples, palaces, theatres, baths, fountains, and what is remarkable, considering its situation, with highly cultivated and beautiful gardens, the soil for which was brought across the Mediterranean from the island of Crete. But the Library of Cleopatra, remarkable alike for its origin, progress and end, more than all the rest, commanded the admiration of strangers.

COMMERCE AND WEALTH.

Alexandria soon became the depot and centre of the wealth of the world. The streams of wealth from the east and from the west met at Alexandria, and hourly augmented the power and opulence of that city.

CLEOPATRA'S LIBRARY.

Under the reign of Cleopatra, Alexandria had become the seat, also, of learning and the arts; and it was her fortune to render it still more so by founding the celebrated Library which bore her name. Its origin is connected with a piece of history known to all. None can be ignorant of the attachment of Mark Anthony to this beautiful queen. Of all the characters in history, she presents one of the most remarkable. The British Elizabeth was esteemed an accomplished woman because she could pronounce Greek and Latin orations; but Cleopatra was able to converse without the aid of an interpreter, with sixteen different ambassadors, who spoke as many languages. She was beautiful as well as learned, and of the most winning deportment and manners.

Mark Anthony became so enamored of her, that being called away to Asia Minor, he purchased at Pergamos a Library of 200,000 volumes—larger than any now to be found in Europe, and sent it to Cleopatra, apologizing that he had nothing better to send her, which fact seems to indicate that the loviness as well as the buildings of Egypt were done on a magnificent scale. The Library thus enthroned, soon rendered Alexandria the centre of literature, as it had been before of trade. Cleopatra, very adroitly, now made a decree that every learned man, visiting that city and having in his possession any manuscript, should forthwith bring it to the Library, that it might be examined; and, if it was found worthy of preservation, she had it transcribed at the public expense, and the original returned to the owner, with one extra copy as a recompense. In this manner the Library increased with incredible rapidity.

Contrast this with the niggardly policy of the British government at the present time, which is to require that, before any book can be offered for sale, eleven copies shall be furnished to as many rich Universities.

I saw a notice in the papers stating that the eighty or ninety numbers of Audubon's celebrated work on birds, would cost \$89 or 1000 dollars a set. In England, then, the publishers must lay out \$800 or 1000 dollars in presents to each of eleven wealthy universities. This is certainly the oddest way the wit of man ever devised to "encourage learning and learned men."

But to return to the famous library. Its destruction was as remarkable as its origin and progress. In the process of ages, that period came which seems to be the necessary result of civilization, namely the period of decline. The increase of the city in wealth and power had been immense, and promised to be endless; but with wealth came luxury and with luxury its inseparable concomitants, pride, selfishness, and a disregard of the public interest; which, when they have reached a certain point, make any people the ready prey of the first invader. The Arabs, a fierce and hardy people, in all the freshness and vigor of comparative youth, were led up from the deserts by the Caliph Omar. The city was taken and his lieutenant Amru was the successful captor. On that occasion, he made an official return of the spoils of war to his superior. The citizens interceded with the utmost earnestness that their Library might be spared, for it belonged not to them alone, it was the property of the world. "Perhaps," said Omar, "these books contain matter contradictory of the Koran. If so, let them be burned. But, then, if they accord with it, they are of course useless—let them then be burned." Thus was the world robbed of one of the richest treasures it ever contained, and a veil of impenetrable darkness cast over its history and literature, during those very periods of time which we are now most anxious to investigate.

The reasoning of Omar strikingly evinces the native hostility of a false religion to the light of learning, and the progress and improvement of the human mind.

ABBOTT ON THE LICENSE LAW.

(Concluded.)

WHO IS "OPRESSED?"

But perhaps some one triumphantly replies, according to the statement but just now made, the new license law must be injurious to the cause of temperance, for if persons cannot buy ardent spirits by retail at the country tavern, they will buy it in quantities, and they can obtain in that way vastly more spirit for the same money, and consequently will use more.

But this is not the effect. For although they buy at an immense disadvantage at retail stores and taverns, they would, for obvious reasons, buy very little if this mode of supply were cut off. The great efficiency of the law consists in its removing the temptation presented by the public exposure of liquors exhibited in small quantities for the retail sale.

So that while this reasoning shows most conclusively the gross absurdity of the assertion that the poor man is oppressed, and while it explains to us the secret of those compassionate bewailings of the oppression of the poor, which have come in such pathetic tones from all the ware-houses of strong drink—it is still most undeniably true, that shutting out the retail trade from the grog shops and the bar rooms, will do more than all things else to arrest the progress of intemperance.

Who needs to be told that men do not become intemperate in solitude,—that it is the temptation and excitement of the store and the bar, which first engenders the depraved appetite, and then by continued renewal, strengthens and confirms it. Men do not naturally love rum. They are led to taste by invitations and persuasions at the retail counter. Remove these fruitful temptations and men will soon cease to buy at all. They will acquire no taste for the destructive poison, and soon the traffic in the article as an habitual drink will cease forever. If this new law is well sustained, in a few years drunkenness will almost totally disappear from among us, and Massachusetts, redeemed and purified, will beam forth as the most brilliant luminary in our national constellation.

HOW IT WILL OPERATE.

But it is not necessary for us to attempt to guess what the operation of this law will be, for the effect has been fairly tried in six counties of the State, and in some of these for several years. The last legislature appointed a committee carefully to investigate the result produced in these counties by the refusal to grant licences. After a long and elaborate investigation, a great number of witnesses having been examined, the committee reported, that—

"The evidence was perfectly incontrovertible, that the good order, the physical and moral welfare of the community had been promoted, by refusing to license the sale of ardent spirits, and that the consumption of spirits has been very greatly diminished in all instances by the refusal to grant licences; and that, although the laws have been and are violated to some extent, in different places, the practice soon becomes disreputable and hides itself from the public eye, by shrinking away into obscure and dark places; that noisy and tumultuous quarrels cease, where licences are refused; that pauperism has very rapidly diminished from the same cause."

How can any one, in view of such facts, still assert that dram selling is promotive of the public good?

A CASE.

But let us turn from the consideration of this law, as it operates upon the general welfare, to more specific cases.

A year or two since, as I was passing a Sabbath in a country town, in the interior of the Commonwealth, I was requested to visit a dying woman. The first aspect of the house to which I was led, in its loose clapboards and broken windows, and decayed fences, told me I was approaching the home of a drunkard. The apartment in which the dying woman was breathing her last, was one whose aspect of cheerlessness and discomfort made the heart to ache. A few wretched articles of furniture were scattered about the room, and upon a low bed, in one corner, most scantily furnished, lay the wasted form of the dying. Her countenance bore the traces of intelligence, of refinement, and yet of the most overwhelming mental anguish. Her husband stood at the head of the bed, with an expression of as deep grief as could be crowded into the features of a bloated inebriate. Five little children stood around the bed-side, loudly sobbing; the eldest a daughter not twelve years of age, kneeling by her mother's side, and almost convulsively clasping her hand as she drenched it with her tears.

It was one of those scenes of woe, which at once paint itself upon the eye, and imprint itself upon the mind—never, never to be effaced. From the few almost inarticulate words of the dying woman, I gathered that all the anguish of the mother's heart was in fevered excitement, as she was to leave her poor children—her tender boys and girls, in this world of temptation, with no guide but their besotted, drunken father.

She was already breathing her last as I entered—and, in a short time, her struggling, broken, grief-rent heart, was still in death.

I inquired into the circumstances of the case, and found that a few years before, this woman, then a young lady of many accomplishments of person and of mind, was married to her husband, then a young merchant—amiable, intelligent, of correct habits, and engaged in lucrative and successful business. The sun of present and prospective joy, beamed brightly on the morning of their nuptials. Every thing was cheerful and tasteful in the happy home, where their youthful affections were first cemented. A few years of untroubled prosperity glided swiftly away.

Behind the counter of this young man's

store, were ranged several punch-bowls of ardent spirits, for retail sale. In selling to others, he tasted himself. Gradually he acquired an appetite for strong drink—and the lapse of a very few months scattered all his property, ruined his reputation, beggared his family, and left him a ragged vagabond in the streets.

He was naturally an amiable and affectionate man—compliant, and yielding, and having in his nature but little of that sterner material which is called decision, when temptation came, in its mighty power, he fell at once, and irremediably.

With such persons it is not unfrequently the case, that intoxication produces perfect phrenzy. A few glasses would perfectly craze him; and he would return at night to his home, a raging, tearing maniac. He would take the whole range of the house in his fury, and wife and children were compelled to flee, wounded and bleeding, from his terrible violence. The emaciation of utter wretchedness and despair, struck to the mother's heart. Often would she gather her little flock of children in the corner behind her, and receive upon her own person the fearful blows which their brutal and crazed father was dealing around him.

"Oh, who can tell what days—what nights she spent, Of tedious, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!"

In the morning, this wretched victim of rum would awake from his debauch, and, restored to his natural affection, would reflect upon his brutality in the deepest abyss of horror and remorse. He would fall upon his knees before his wife, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, and implore her forgiveness; he would curse the day in which he was born; he would call himself a brute and a fiend; he would wish himself dead; he would resolve and re-resolve that he would never drink again. For a few days he would succeed in keeping himself away from temptation. But the acquired appetite would gather strength by the transient restraint. Associates would lure him into the village store; the sight of the decanters—the fumes of the spirits—the persuasions of toppers would sweep away, with hurricane fury, all his resolutions. One glass would follow another, in the desperation of remorse and despair. Frenzied with the fiend-creating poison, he would return to his home and re-enact those scenes of outrage, the bare imagination of which makes humanity shudder.

Again and again his wife, in her wretchedness, went to the village groceries, and with all the eloquence of a despairing and broken-hearted mother, implored them not to sell her husband rum. She would show them her own wounds; she would lead to them her children, and tell the awful story of her woes. But all her entreaties were in vain. Sometimes they would refuse to sell to him. But then every toper in the village could get his pint bottle filled, and at the very door of the store, hold the bottle to the mouth of this wretched sot. Drunkards, like misery, love company. And a toper seems to be always pleased to see his fellow toper drunk. The sale of ardent spirit was free in the village, and of course there was no such thing as keeping it from one who had not mental resolution of his own to resist the temptation.

Misery is a slow and cruel murderer. But he gnawed with vulture tooth at the heart of this much injured woman, till exhausted nature sunk and expired. Where that wretched father now is, whether in the grave, the almshouse, or the State prison, I know not; where those children—those wrecks of a once happy family—now are, I know not; but they are probably scattered as melancholy ruins over a tempestuous world; the daughters lould in the embraces of a faithful mother's love, perchance in the ware-houses of infancy—the sons inheriting their father's appetite, and discouraged by his disgrace, and lured by his example, growing up in shame, and poverty, and crime—candidates for highway robbery and midnight arson, and for the pirate's deeds of deadly daring.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Now what, in the light of such facts, shall a wise community do? Shall it decide that the public good demands that this baneful of all earthly happiness shall be freely retailed. That rum, brandy, gin and whiskey, after all the ruin they have caused, and are still causing, shall yet be sold by the quart, the pint, the half pint, the gill, and the glass—alluring the young to destruction, provoking the appetite for intemperance, and holding out facilities for any poor wretch, who has but three cents in the world, to squander it for rum.

It is amazing that any one, who has the reason of a man, and the humanity of a man, can be willing to spread through our State these flood fountains of wretchedness. And can any one in sober earnest, say that he thinks the public good is promoted by this sale; that the cause of temperance will be promoted by having the retail traffic in rum legalized, sustained by the dignity of the law.

As long as the community allows the retail traffic to exist, it will be impossible to prevent the frequent repetition of such scenes of woe and ruin as I have just described. What can persuasion do, when temptation encounters the excited appetite of the drunkard? You may as well beseech Mount Etna to smother its fires.

Suppose on the other hand, the voice of the community had twenty years ago forbidden the retail of this article—suppose the present license law had been during that time in peaceful operation. Would not this family have been saved, and saved with a great salvation? The retailing of ardent spirits caused their ruin. The prohibition of this retail, would have ensured their safety, and they would probably have been at this moment blest and happy, in all the domestic enjoyments of the most favored New-England home.

And think not that the case I have mentioned is a solitary one. There is hardly a

village in New-England, in which its main features may not be recognized. There is hardly an observing man in the State, who cannot tell not merely one, nor two, but many a similar tale. As I allow my own mind to retrace the scenes of my parochial visitings for the last eight years, I find these awful recollections crowding upon me in troops.

And is the community to seek no redress from all these evils, that a few persons may make money in selling rum? Are we patiently to allow death and destruction thus to ravage our land, that the distiller and liquor vender may grow rich? Are our sons to be ruined, and our daughters thus exposed, and our beloved State to be enduring such calamities, that a few thousand may amass wealth, by disseminating disease and poverty through our dwellings, and paralyzing the very nerve of public industry and thrift?

For be it remembered that no respectable man now pretends, that the use of rum, brandy, gin and whiskey, as a drink, does any one any good, but on the contrary, only injury. This is almost the unanimous decision of the most eminent physicians of this country and of Europe—confirmed by past experience and every day's observation. Alcohol may occasionally be needed as a medicine, and as such it may be found on the shelves of the apothecary.

And now is it possible that any one can seriously say, that the public good demands that the retail of this poverty-engendering, misery-making liquor, should be legalized?—that the public good demands, that energy and influence should be given to the most fell destroyer of the public good?

On the contrary, it is not as clear as truth, that the present license law, prohibiting the retail of the article, is framed in mercy? Is it not most manifestly promotive of the best interests of the community? Does it not already make the widow's heart leap for joy, and cause the orphans to rise up and call down blessings upon its makers? If there ever were a question upon which there was a right and a wrong, which could be seen and felt, it is this.

DRUNKARDS WANT PROTECTION.

It is stated that among the petitions which were poured in upon our Legislature last winter, in favor of the prohibition of the retail traffic in ardent spirits, there was one signed by a number of unhappy inebriates, who implored protection from the strong, and to them, resistless temptation to which they were exposed. Notwithstanding all the resolution they could summon to their aid, notwithstanding the ruin of their reputation, the disgrace of their families, and their prospective beggary, when business called them to the grocery or the tavern, where the air itself was impregnated with the fumes of alcohol, the power of appetite was so intensely stimulated within them, that they could not resist; and they implored the legislature to bring in to them the protection of law, that they might pass safely through the village streets, unexposed to the contagion of this most deadly plague. It is an affecting fact, that there are thousands of these unhappy men, who have awoke to the consciousness that they are drunkards—having been gradually and imperceptibly led to their ruin by the bar room and the grog shop meeting them at every turn, and who are now struggling in the most desperate, yet unavailing efforts, to escape from the passions by which they are completely and most treacherously ensnared;—and they—*they*, with palsied limb, and blood-shot eye, and bloated cheek, beseech us that the bar room may be shut up, and the grog shop closed;—and their wasted wives, haggard with woe, and wan with despair, still more earnestly beg and pray, that protective law may come to their rescue; and their famished children in rags and wretchedness, ashamed of their fathers, and inheriting disgrace, cry to the State to pity and to help them in their dreadful orphanage;—and when the State, in its paternal mercy, stretches out its arm to protect the helpless and the lost; when it would gather them under the shadow of its wing—a voice of remonstrance comes from the liquor vendors of the land, declaring that the cause of temperance requires, that these grog shops should be well replenished with rum; and that the public good demands that brandy, and gin, and whiskey, should gush forth in unfeeling fountains from these bar rooms!

ANOTHER CASE.

Not long since, I called upon a young man, a parishioner of mine, the husband of a good wife, and the father of two interesting children. Finding him in the field at work, for he was a farmer, I walked out into the cornfield, and entered into conversation with him. In the course of conversation he remarked, "Why, yes sir, I have every thing pleasant around me here. I have a good wife; healthy and interesting children; a very fine farm, and I do not owe a dollar in the world, but—" he continued, and his lip trembled, and he struck his hoe spasmodically into the earth, "I am becoming a drunkard."

Said he, as we continued our conversation "I have gradually and insensibly acquired so strong an appetite for ardent spirits, that when temptation comes, as it does every time that I go to market, I am utterly unable to withstand." Said he, "I see perfectly to what this habit is leading me, and I am as wretched as a man can be; I shall probably soon come home a staggering drunkard, and break the heart, and perhaps personally abuse my innocent wife—beggard my children, become a disgrace to myself and all my friends, till we finally all become the miserable inmates of the poor house. I foresee it all," said he, "and yet whenever I go to the store and see others drink, and am invited and urged by them to partake, I have no power to resist; he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a sobbing child.

I endeavored to lead him to look to God for strength; to make it his daily prayer at the family altar, and in secret, that God would aid him to overcome temptation. "Come,"

said he, "go to the house and pray for me." We went to the house. He called his wife and his little ones, and the mother of his wife who lived with them, and was dependent upon them, together, and we knelt around the kitchen hearth in prayer for the mental strength so fearfully needed.

A month or two passed away, I occasionally hearing that he was continuing the downward path, till I was unexpectedly called to his house to attend the funeral of his wife, who had died of a sudden fever, probably aggravated by the apprehension of the woes before them. As I observed in his flushed countenance the evidence of entire self-abandonment and despair, I could not refrain from feeling that it would have been a mercy if his children had also been lying in the coffin with their mother.

A day or two after the funeral I visited him, and we conversed freely upon what he called his approaching and inevitable ruin. And as I spoke of his motherless babes, and the new responsibilities now devolving upon him, he said, "Sometimes I am able for a week or a fortnight to abstain altogether. I do not allow myself to keep a drop in my house. But I am compelled occasionally to go to market, and there the very breath of those I meet, fans into a flame the appetite which consumes me; the very sight and smell maddens me; the persuasions of those who are drinking flurries the temptation, and I am gone."

A few months passed away, and I was suddenly sent for, one bright summer's afternoon, to visit him, for he was sick. I rode out to his farm, for he lived two or three miles from my own house, and found him in all the horrors of the delirium tremens. Did you ever see a person in the delirium tremens? If not, God grant that you never may.

A few more months passed away, and I learned that he had abandoned his quiet farm, and entered into the trade in horses, and that under the influence of ardent spirits, he was making very foolish bargains, and was fast losing all his property.

A few months since as I accidentally took up a newspaper, I saw the record of his death at the age, I believe, of 32.

THE CAUSE.

And here we see the legitimate effects of filling our village stores and our country bar rooms with rum. How many are there at this moment, who are going to ruin as miserably, and as surely as did this unhappy man. Oh, how far and wide are the rum selling shops and taverns spreading this woe and death. And when the legislature decides that this ruin must be arrested; that this fiend-like traffic shall no longer be allowed, men, professing to be respectable and philanthropic, rise up among us and say that the cause of temperance and human happiness demands that the tavern and the grog shop must still be well replenished with rum, and they will ransack the alleys of the city, and the hedges of the country, to obtain a force with which indignantly to repeal that law of prohibition, which the State in its parental solicitude and compassion has so mercifully enacted. Oh, where has mercy fled, that men can now with all the light of the present day, vote to perpetuate the retail sale of rum.

Not long since I was conversing with a woman who had thrown herself from a wharf in Boston, in the attempt to destroy herself, and was taken from the water when nearly drowned, and animation restored. "Oh," said she, "wicked wretch that I was, I tried to drown myself, I knew it was wrong; but I was so unhappy that I could not longer endure life. My husband had become a drunkard, and I and the children were beggars."

And yet there are those who say that that article must be freely furnished, which has made her house a hell. Do you deem this a harsh expression? O could you see this poor woman, and hear her tell the story of her suffering life, you would think no expression too severe.

But when I allow my mind to revisit these scenes of penury, of weeping and of woe, I know not where to stop. They come crowding upon me in melancholy multitudes demanding recital. They seem to stand in pallid throngs at my elbow, and implore me to tell the story of their wrongs and to plead their cause.

My respected hearers, can there be a question of the propriety and the expediency of prohibiting by law the retail traffic in ardent spirits? Can there be a doubt, that the shutting up the grog shops and the bar rooms of Massachusetts, will promote the happiness and the prosperity of our State. Could we bring before you in mournful array the wives and the children of the intemperate, how earnestly, how pathetically, how eloquently in their woe, would they implore you to sustain the new license law. There is one loud united prayer coming up to us from every portion of our land, from women and from children, from the widow and the orphan, from the weeping wife of the rich inebriate, and from the miserable tenant of the drunkard's hovel, imploring us to protect their families from the ravages of rum. The prayer of the intelligent and pious, comes in harmony with the petition even of the drunkard, that these fountains of resistless temptation and misery may be closed. Our last Legislature could not harden their hearts against these awful facts and affecting appeals. By an overwhelming majority they voted to stop the retailing of rum.

THE QUESTION FOR US TO DECIDE.

And now the question is, shall this law be sustained, or repealed?

Whatever influence we exert on earth we must soon answer for at the judgment seat of the common father of us all. Think of your feelings on a dying bed. What will be your emotions then, if you are constrained to reflect, that your vote and influence has aided to unseal the fountains of intemperance, to spread poverty and multiply crime; to press from woman's eyes tears of agony, and to make to many a family, existence on earth,

an awful curse; what will be your feelings, if, when the things of earth are receding from you, and eternal things are opening to your view, conscience is tormented with the reflection that you have introduced woes to the world, which will be deepening and extending long after you have gone to your dread account?

And will it not, on the other hand, be a pleasing reflection, that you have done what you could for suffering humanity? Will it not soften your dying pillow, and infuse peace into that hour, to reflect that the blessing of the widow and the orphan rests upon you, and that you have aided in staying the most deadly plague, that ever afflicted mankind?

VERMONT.

We have recently journeyed through a portion of this free State, and it is not all imagination in us, that sees, in its bold scenery—its uninfected, inland position, its mountainous, but fertile and verdant surface, the secret of the noble and anti-slavery predisposition of its people. They are located for freedom. Liberty's home is on their Green Mountains. Their farmer-republican no where touches the ocean—"the high-way of the world's crimes," as well as its "nations." It has no sea-port for the importation of slavery, or the exportation of its own highland republicanism. Vermont is accordingly the earliest anti-slavery state, and should slavery ever prevail over this nation to its utter subjugation, the last, lingering footsteps of retreating liberty will be seen—not, as Daniel Webster said, in the proud old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, about Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, (places long since deserted of freedom)—but, wailing, like Jephtha's daughter, among the "hollows," and along the sides of the Green Mountains.

Vermont shows gloriously at this autumn season. Frost has gently laid hands on her exuberant vegetation, tinging her rock-maple woods, without abating the deep verdure of her herbage. Every where along her people's hollows and her bold hills and summits she is alive with green, while her endless hard-wood forests are uniformed with all the hues of early fall—richer than the regimentals of the kings that glittered in the train of Napoleon on the confines of Poland, when he lingered there on the last outposts of summer, before plunging into the snow-drifts of the north—more gorgeous than the "array" of Saladin's life-guard in the wars of the crusaders—or of "Solomon's" in all his glory—decked in all colors and hues, but still the hues of life—Vegetation touched, but not dead, or if killed, not bereft of "signs of life." Decay's effacing fingers" had not yet "swept the hills," where beauty lingers. All looked fresh as growing foliage. Vermont frosts do not seem to be "killing frosts." They only change aspects of beauty. The mountain pastures, verdant to the peaks, and over the peaks of the high, steep hills, were covered with the amplex feed, and clothed with countless sheep;—the hay-fields heavy with second crop, in some partly cut and abandoned, as if in very weariness and satiety, blooming with honey-suckle contrasting strangely with the colors on the woods,—the fat cattle and the long-tailed colts and close-built morgan wallowing in it, up to the eyes, or the cattle down to rest, with full bellies, by ten in the morning. Fine, but narrow roads wound along among the hills—free, almost entirely, of stone, and so smooth as to be safe for the most rapid driving—made of their rich, dark, powder-looking soil. Beautiful villages or scattered settlements breaking upon the delighted view, on the meandering way, making the ride a continued scene of excitement and animation. The air fresh, free and wholesome,—no steaming of the fever and ague of the west, or the rank stench of the south,—the road almost dead level for miles and miles among mountains that lay over the land like the great swells of the sea,—and looking in the prospect, as though there could be no passage. On the whole, we never, in our limited travel, experienced any thing like it, and we commend any one given to despondency and dumps, to an early ride, in the beginning of October, chaise top back, fleet horses tandem, fresh from the generous fodder and thorough-going groomage of Steel's tavern—a forenoon ride from White-river Sharon, through Tunbridge to Chelsea hollow. There's nothing on Salem turnpike like the road, and nothing, anywhere, a match for "the lay of the land" and the ever varying, animating landscape.

We can't praise Vermonters for their fences or their barns, and it seems to us, their out-houses and door-yards hardly correspond with the well-built dwellings. But they have no stones for wall—no red-oak or granite for posts, or pine growth for rails and boards, in their hard-wood forests, and we queried as we observed their "insufficient fences" and lack of "pounds," whether such barriers as our side of the Connecticut we have to rear about an occasional patch of fern, could be necessary in a country where no "creatures" appeared to run in the road, and where there was not choice enough in field or pasture, to make it an object for any body to be breachy or to stray—and where every hoof seemed to have its hands full at home. Poor fences there seemed to answer all purposes of good ones among us, where every blade of grass has to be watched and guarded from the future voracity of hungry New-Hampshire stock.

The farmers looked easy and care-free.—We saw none who seemed back-broken with hard work, or brow-wrinkled with fear of coming to want. How do your crops come in, sir? "Oh, middlin' well."—How much wheat? "Well about 300. Wheat ha'n't all'd well." How much hay do you cut? "Well sir, from 80 to 100 tons." Corn? "Over 400; corn is good." How many potatoes? "Well I don't know; we've dug from 800 to 1000." How many cattle do you keep? "Only 33 odd head this year; cattle are scarce." Sheep? "300 and odd." Horse kind? "Five, and would part with a span of them," and so on. And yet the Vermont farmers are leaving for the West.

Herald of Freedom.

In the garden of Olives at Jerusalem, eight olive trees are now standing which are proved by historical documents to have been there anterior to the taking of the city by the Turks, and must consequently be at least eight hundred years old.

From the Christian Review.

IMPORTANCE OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

It is the duty of every church to endeavor to obtain a suitable pastor. It should consider itself as defective, as incompetent to perform its duties to its own members and to the impendent around it, while it is destitute of a pastor. It is lamentable to think that, according to the latest estimation, while there are upwards of six thousand and three hundred Baptist Churches in the United States, there are only about four thousand ministers and licentiates. A great number of the churches must be deprived of any regular ministerial service; but in large districts of country, it is the settled practice for one minister to have four churches under his care, and to visit and to preach to them alternately once a month. This may be the best arrangement which is practicable in some cases; but we fear that not a few churches have no desire for a better one. They prefer to have a miserable, dreary, barn-like meeting-house, rather than incur the expense of erecting a decent and comfortable building. They do not wish to have preaching but once a month, because they thus save the cost of a pastor. Many of them, consequently, spend three Sabbaths out of four in idleness or visiting, while their children and impenitent neighbors are engaged in hunting or fishing. It might be thought that such bodies have small claim to the name of churches; but the effect of habit is very great, and it is quite possible, that even real Christians may have been so trained, as to have scarcely any sense of the value of the pastoral office and of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Such Christians and churches must be in a miserable condition. No church, as we have said, can prosper, without a pastor; and no man can be a pastor to three or four churches. He must reside among the people, and must be able to visit them.

He ought, consequently, to receive a comfortable maintenance, that he may devote his whole time to his pastoral duties. He cannot be an instructive preacher and a diligent pastor, if his time is consumed and his attention distracted, by the cares of his shop or farm. If he devotes his whole time to the spiritual interests of his people, they ought, on the simplest principles of justice and honesty, to pay him adequately for his services. Such, moreover, is the express command of the Savior: "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." 1 Cor. 9: 14.

A church ought to cherish a high sense of the value of the pastoral office. It should treat the pastor with all the respect and affection, which, as a spiritual instructor and guide, he may justly claim. Christians should pray much for their pastor; they should render due regard to his official authority, and they should always be ready to co-operate with him, in all his efforts to promote the welfare of the church, and the spread of religion.

The pastoral office ought to be more permanent. Ministers are generally settled with too little care. They may preach two or three of their best sermons, and they are immediately invited to settle, though the church may have no knowledge respecting their ability to be good pastors. A church does not need a brilliant preacher only. A man who is very popular in the pulpit, may be very unfit to watch over and guide the flock.

We may here say a few words, touching the removal of ministers. It is a topic which is attracting more and more attention and about which, if we mistake not, there is a growing conviction that wrong principles and unjust practices are too common. It is desirable that the pastoral relation be as permanent as possible. A pastor cannot acquire all the influence which he ought to possess, unless he shall remain a sufficient time with a church to gain the affections and the confidence of his hearers. A pastor in accepting the charge of a church, ought to consider it as his duty to remain with it till his death, unless God shall manifestly indicate his will, that he should remove. The church ought to select a pastor on the same principle.

But it may be the duty of a minister to remove. His health may fail. The church may be unwilling or unable to give a sufficient compensation to enable him to live, even with economy and self denial, without contracting debts. A large portion of his hearers may, from some cause, have become dissatisfied with his ministry, and he cannot remain without creating division. These and other similar cases, may justify a removal. But a mere impression that a minister would be more useful in some other position, can rarely authorize him to remove. He cannot fully know how useful he now is, nor can he decide that he could do more trials elsewhere. He must expect some trials wherever he may be, and he would not probably lessen them by a change of place. Unless there is, in his present situation, something which seems to be a providential intimation of his duty to leave it, he cannot safely do so. If he is in doubt concerning his duty to leave it, let him humbly seek direction from God, who will guide the meek in judgment.

We may, in this connexion, consider the question, *Is it right for one church to call the pastor of another church to be its minister?* The answer seems to be plain, that it is not right, when the pastor is useful and happy, and there exists no reason among his own people why he should leave his post. Why should the happiness of a church be disturbed, merely to furnish another church with a minister? Why should it be robbed of a beloved pastor, because some other church desires to enjoy his services, or self-complacently regards itself as more important, or is able to pay a larger salary? In worldly affairs, such a course would be considered dishonorable. If a merchant should entice even a faithful and valuable servant to leave his employer and enter his service, it would be viewed as a dishonest act. Why should not the act of tempting a pastor to forsake his people be viewed as yet more dishonest? The dearest interests of a church may thus be deeply injured. Its peace, its prosperity, its very existence, may be put in jeopardy by the loss of its pastor. But even in a pecuniary light, a minister may be of so great importance to a church, that his removal may deprive it of the ability to pay its debts, and to support the worship of God.

Why, in such a case, is it not as much a robbery to take from it the minister, as it would be to seize its communion plate? Let it not be said, in excuse, that ministers belong to the Lord. This is true; and so does the silver and gold belong to the Lord; but this would hardly be deemed a sufficient defence if a man were caught robbing the vaults of a bank. Neither let it be said that a minister, in such a case, may be willing to remove. Men often yield readily to temptation; but does this excuse the tempter?

Our conclusion is, that it is morally wrong to invite the pastor of a church to leave his post, unless it is well known, that there are circumstances in his situation, which make it probable that he ought to remove. If God designs that a minister shall remove from one church to another, or to some different sphere of duty, he will give intelligible signs of his will, independently of any invitation.

We will merely add, that pastors, themselves, ought to feel how important and responsible is their office. It was established for great purposes; let them be diligent in accomplishing them. As inestimable benefits flow from the labors of a faithful pastor, corresponding evils must spring from his neglect of duty, and a corresponding degree of guilt must rest on his soul. Let him ponder well the charge given by Paul to a young pastor: "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word, be instant in season, out of season: reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering, and doctrine. Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry." 2 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 3. Let him be satisfied with being a faithful under shepherd. A pastor who can admit into his mind the idea, that any other station is more honorable than his own, is unworthy of his office. He has deficient views of his real character, and he must fail in the execution of his duties. Let him not be discouraged by any apparent want of success; but let him labor with patient diligence, remembering that while it is his duty to plant and to water, it is the prerogative of God to give the increase. Let him be faithful unto death, and he shall receive a crown of life.

From the Friend of Man.

POLITICS—ABOLITION—RELIGION.

Civil governments are just as responsible for their acts, in a moral sense, as individuals are, and by actions morally wrong, they just as much become a guilty party in the sight of God, and render themselves liable to divine punishment. Isa. 6: 12, "For the nation that will not serve thee, shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Jer. 13: 17, "But if they will not obey, I will utterly pluck up and destroy that nation, saith the Lord." Chap. 18: 17, &c., "At what instant shall I speak concerning a kingdom to pluck up and to pull down, and to destroy it; if that nation, against whom I have pronounced, turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant shall I speak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to build and plant it; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then will I repent of the good where-with I said I would benefit them." These texts are produced for the purpose of showing that nations in their collective capacity, are responsible agents, accountable for their national acts, as an individual is accountable for his individual acts. From this view it must follow that a nation, as such, is responsible for the conduct of each individual member of the civil compact, so far as such individual conduct has the sanction of law, or so far as government neglects or refuses to enact proper laws for the prevention of evil. It is true that the sanction of government does not exempt individual actors from individual responsibility and guilt; for the law of God is paramount to all other laws. A man can have no right to avail himself of the sanction of a bad law as a cover for doing evil; yet government, by giving its sanction to what is wrong, becomes a guilty party to the conduct of all who sin under its authority, and the guilt of individuals becomes the guilt of the nation.

A fact for the opposers of the License Law.—A gentleman who resides in the city of Boston, and who has charge of one or more townships of land in Maine, into which settlers are constantly going, and the number has become large, states that the settlement began in 1812, and that all who took deeds gave back mortgages. For many years licenses were granted, and ardent spirits were freely used, but no one redeemed his mortgage or paid the interest due. At a particular time, all licenses were prohibited, and the occupants soon began to pay, and have continued to pay more and more each year, till they have cleared their farms—not a delinquent remains. This fact is a comment upon the law, which speaks volumes.

Mercantile Journal.

SICKNESS.—The La Porte County (Indiana) Whig of Sept. 15th, says that sickness prevails to an alarming extent through the whole northern part of Indiana, and, in fact, throughout Illinois and Michigan. The sickness is attributed to the continued dry and sultry weather. The brooks have been dried up, and the lakes have fallen several inches, leaving on their margins an immense quantity of vegetable matter to decompose in the sun, causing miasma, sickness and death.

THE SICKNESS AT KNOXVILLE.—A slip from the Knoxville Register, dated the 3d instant, contains the annexed paragraph:

"For the purpose of relieving the anxiety of our friends abroad, we have issued a slip, being the most we can do under present circumstances. For several days past we have had most refreshing showers, which have raised the river some two or three feet, and so far swollen the smaller water courses as to have the happiest effect on the health of our town and surrounding country.

To the Editor of the Christian Reflector:

DEAR SIR,—It is gratifying to the friends of evangelical religion to hear of the triumphs of divine grace, as exhibited in the life and death of the departed christian; and to contribute, though in a small degree, to their pious gratification, I forward for insertion in your religious paper, the following

OBITUARY.

Died in East Brookfield, at the residence of her father, Mr. Kerley Howe, Mrs. HARRIET W., wife of Rev. WARREN COOPER, late of Winchendon, Mass.

The subject of this notice was born in North Brookfield, March 2, 1811. She was endowed by her Creator with every natural qualification necessary to render her most amiable and interesting to all who knew her. At an early period of her life, she discovered strong and increasing attachment to her friends, a lively interest for the happiness of those around her, an uncommon thirst for literary knowledge, and an ardent desire to excel in all the solid branches of learning. For her associates in school she always evinced the tenderest regard; and for her teachers the warmest affection. And, while her feelings for the young were warm and elevated, she did not forget the aged. These were highly esteemed and honored by her. And such was her artless manner to please, that she did not fail to secure for herself their esteem. She possessed a taste for sacred music; and in the exercise of singing, she amused herself and delighted others. Although her natural disposition was cheerful, yet she sympathized with the afflicted, and mourned with those that mourned. She was kind and affable. In the society of the refined and affluent she was at home; in the company of the poor and illiterate, she was the same, pleasant and social, and void of affectation. There were uniformly those traits of character about her which rendered her respectful and respected, both at home and abroad, in the circles of the high and of the low.

But the brightest, the most interesting part of her history remains to be told. Notwithstanding all her amiable natural endowments, she was an imperfect being, a sinner, a very great sinner in the eyes of her Maker. For about 21 years she lived without God and without hope. Although her external deportment was strictly correct, and visible character unspotted, and, although she had been occasionally the subject of some serious impressions from a child, yet she had not submitted herself unto the righteousness of God. In the Spring of 1832, while at Cambridge, it pleased the Father of Mercies, to convince her by his Spirit "of righteousness and of judgment." The eyes of her understanding were now opened. Here she would have perished, had not Christ, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost," sought after and found her. His time was the time of love. He took away her stony heart. He called, and she answered. He invited, and she came unto him.

At this time, it is supposed, she, by faith, embraced the Savior and yielded herself a living sacrifice into his hands. And in the month of April, the same year, she began to cherish the hope that she had passed from death unto life. Believing that she was bought with a price, and therefore, no longer own, she inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Resolving to take the word of God for her guide, as to her future course, to observe its precepts and to walk in its ordinances, she soon became convinced that it was both her duty and privilege to be buried with her Lord in baptism. Accordingly, in the month of July, she, with two of her sisters was baptized agreeably to apostolic practice and admitted a member of the Baptist church in this place, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Chace. Being now a member of the visible family of Christ, she labored to adorn the doctrine of God, her Savior, by living "soberly, righteously and godly." Her course was onward on, and she pressed towards the mark.

The writer does not purpose to go into a detail of all the developments of Christian character, as exhibited by her, from the time she made a public profession of her faith in the precious Redeemer, until her immortal spirit was perfected in life and glory everlasting. God had, however, designed that she should occupy, for a short season, a more important sphere of usefulness. She became the wife and helper of one who was laboring in the ministry of the gospel, being united in marriage to the Rev. Warren Cooper of Winchendon, Oct. 19, 1836. Here her works were abundant, and her benevolence expansive.

By her prayers, counsels and co-operations, she afforded her husband much assistance and encouragement in the great work of human salvation. And her instructions in the Sabbath School (a field in which she had for years delighted to labor) were richly enjoyed. May all of her pupils share largely in the effusions of the Holy Spirit, and the prayers she offered for them, in life and in death, be answered in their eternal salvation.

During the last spring, she removed with her husband to the town of Scituate, Mr. Cooper being invited to labor in that place. But the state of Mrs. Cooper's health was extremely delicate, and fears had been excited for a long time that she was inclining to consumptive habits. The event has proved that these fears were not without foundation. The sea breezes soon became exceedingly unfavorable to her health, which was rapidly declining, and it was thought advisable that she should return into the interior. She therefore returned to the dwelling of her beloved parents, in July last. Here she was received with open arms and affectionate hearts; and every assistance was rendered and attention given, which mortals could render. But death had marked her for his prey, and no friend, no human power could deliver from the fatal grasp. Through the rich grace of God, however, she was in waiting. She watched and saw, with unshaken confidence, the signs of his approach. For several months, she had been more than usually engaged in private and social devotions. The study of the Bible had become a source of refined, and almost unalloyed enjoyment. Fervent, constant prayer was a sweet cordial to her saintly mind. Indeed, her conversation was all in heaven; from whence also she "looked for

the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ; who should change her vile body, that it might be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

About the middle of August, she felt a conviction that her continuance here would be very short, and she often conversed freely with the family about dying, and the blessedness of heaven. On a certain morning of this month, she said to one of her sisters, "Do you not think that Christ appears so near and lovely to a christian in his last moments, as to enlighten his passage through the valley, and dissipate all his fears?" The sister replied in the affirmative, and added—"Sarah," in her dying moments, remarked, "My doubts are all gone. I feel that the everlasting arm is underneath to support me through the valley of the shadow of death." A few days before her decease, on being asked how she felt in her mind, she replied, with emphasis, "I feel not deceived, I enjoy religion. I sometimes feel, if it be the Lord's will, I had rather depart than remain here."

On the Sabbath morning preceding her death, being asked by her father how she did, she replied, "I don't know, father," at the same time extending her feeble hand as usual for him to feel of her pulse, and continued, "I wish you to tell me," but added, "I feel that you and I must part." Her mother next entered the room, to whom she said, "Dear mother, I must leave you; and I wish you to prepare to follow me: it will not be long before you too must go. Do go to our Savior and trust in him, and he will receive you to himself."

She then desired the family to read the Scriptures as usual,—after which she fell into a sweet sleep; and on awaking, exclaimed with rapture, "Oh, I have been on Canaan's happy shore! I awake, however, and find myself here. I wish to go back again." On being asked, how the Canaan appeared? she replied, "It was happiness—I was there with Christ, and he with me. I was present with him." In a few moments, she looked up, and with glory beaming in her countenance, she exclaimed, "Oh! I am all swallowed up in heaven now!"

Although Mrs. Cooper was so eminently prepared for her departure, and had evinced so much willingness to go, yet to the family, the idea of parting with one whom they so tenderly loved, was afflictive in the extreme. During the morning on which she expired, observing their grief, she addressed herself to one of them, "Are you willing to give me up?" and being answered, "I feel that I must; but can hardly say that I am willing, though I hope by the grace of God I shall be," she replied, "that is right, pray for grace to make you willing." To her afflicted father she proposed the same inquiry, and being told, "I will try to be," she rejoined, "That is right, father; will you now kiss me?" It was supposed she wished to put the same question to her mother; but her strength was so far exhausted at the time that she could not speak so as to be heard. But she kissed her for the last time. Being in the very suburbs of heaven, and about to be caught up into the paradise of God, it seemed to grieve her to see any of the family in tears. Observing that one of her sisters was weeping, she said "N—, come here." On her coming, she kissed her, and said, "There, don't weep any more, N—. I am going to heaven. I wish you to be prepared to follow me," and then added—"You will go too, I know you will." And to another sister standing by, she said, "And you too—I cannot express how much I love you all as one."

Feeling an ardent desire "to be absent from the body and present with the Lord," she breathed forth the following prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and receive me unto thyself." Mr. Cooper, not aware that his beloved companion was so near death, had for several days been absent to fulfil an appointment previously made, and did not return, until she had rested from all her sufferings and toils.

Mrs. C, however, did not, even in her last moments, forget his faithfulness and kindness to her. And for him she offered in an audible voice, this most fervent and appropriate prayer—"O Lord, bless my dear husband—bless him in his person—bless him in his labors of love—bless him in his soul—prepare him for glory—bring him home to heaven, to happiness, and to me."

The writer of this, being her former pastor, had, at her request, the privilege of being with her during a part of the morning on which she died. No tongue can describe the pleasantness and solemnity of the scene. Angels, "her ministering spirits," were, I believe, hovering around her while her soul was exulting in the rich grace of God; as it was approaching its final rest. Her very countenance told that her sun had arisen to go no more down. When she could no more, she would faintly utter, "Peace, peace—Happy, happy."

Thus Mrs. Cooper lived, and thus she died. She fell asleep in Jesus on Saturday, Sept. 29, 1838, aged 27 years. On Monday following her remains were carried to the Meeting House in North Brookfield, where a sermon was preached on the occasion from Job xiv. 21, after which they were committed to their lowly bed.

May the bereaved husband and the afflicted friends share largely in the sympathies of the christian public; and above all, in the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

W. M.

* Mrs. Bush, a sister of hers, who died in the month of May last, sweetly resigned to the will of Heaven, and exulting in prospect of the glory about to be revealed in the saints.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—It gives us much pain to record the following melancholy and distressing event which occurred in the house of Mrs. Burch, on Capitol Hill, last Tuesday morning. Early that morning an interesting grand-daughter of Mrs. Burch named Rebecca Wilson was so shockingly burnt, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, and no person being immediately near to extinguish the flames, that she expired about eight o'clock.—*Nat. Intel.*

DYSPEPSIA.—The effect of mental disquietude in producing this complaint is greater than is generally supposed. It is well known that persons in good health, of sound digestive organs, who take plenty of exercise, and are free from anxiety, may eat almost anything, and in quantities which would kill those in different circumstances.

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

"Charity rejoiceth in the Truth."

WORCESTER, NOVEMBER 2, 1838.

DEATH OF MINISTERS.

The announcement in this paper of the decease of three Baptist ministers in this State and Connecticut, is adapted to awaken the most serious reflections.

On Wednesday night, the 24th inst. Brother Morse, on Friday morning, Brother Cushman, and on Brother Train terminated their earthly toils and trials. Two of them were, at the time of their death, pastors of Churches, and the other occupied an equally responsible station, as the Editor of a Religious periodical.

Brother TRAIN died where he had labored in the Gospel more than thirty years.—Brother CUSHMAN, where he had formerly been the pastor of the Church twelve years, though during the succeeding twelve years he had been stationed in other parts of the vineyard, till a few months ago he returned to Hartford, the spot to which his heart was most wedded.—Brother MORSE died where he was a second time pastor, and had labored several years.

They were all men of cultivated minds, and had occupied important stations in the field of Christian enterprise.

It is not our present purpose to attempt the biography of these brethren, or to write an eulogium of either of them.

They are gone—and their death admonishes surviving ministers to accomplish the portions of service allotted them and to be also ready.

"I point for eternity," said an ancient painter in reply to one who inquired of him why he bestowed so much care and labor on his paintings; but with how much greater propriety may the minister of Christ urge, as the reason for unremitting industry and most anxious care, that he speaks and writes and acts in all things for eternity!

The aged minister may look back over a long series of labors with regret that he has done so little and even that little so imperfectly, when he is reminded that it was for eternity every sermon ought to have been delivered—every prayer offered—every act performed;—the middle-aged may renew his efforts with increased zeal, from the conviction that he has but entered upon the work, when he ought to have done much more than one half of it;—and the young minister may well tremble as he begins to labor, lest he commit a thousand errors, misleading souls when professedly attempting to guide them in the straight and narrow way which leads to life, and lest he succeed no better, and accomplish no more than those who have preceded him.

If the death of these ministers shall stimulate the surviving to greater diligence and more becoming zeal, and shall make them more prayerful and more humble, the loss to the cause of human salvation may be repaired—and, indeed, their death may accomplish more than their life.

They are gone, and their surviving associates, if wise, will now consider both their good qualities and examples, to copy and imitate them, and their imperfections and sins, to take warning and shun them, as each had undoubtedly his excellencies and also his failings.

If a biography of either of them shall be written, we hope it will correspond with truth, rather than be a tissue of mingled facts and falsehoods, like, perhaps we ought to say, most biographies, which are so unlike the reality that the persons who sat for the paintings would not themselves recognize the last resemblance, or would, at least, be constrained to account them caricatures.

The churches mourn the loss of these men, at whose lips they have long received instruction into the great science of God and Christ and into the essential art of holy living.

Many owe to each of them, as the instrument, their rescue from destruction, and will rise up and call them blessed. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

* Since our paper went to press, a doubt has been expressed in regard to the death of Rev. Mr. Train.

OBITUARY.

Rev. APPLETON MORSE, pastor of the Baptist Church in Fitchburg, Mass. fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, aged 33 years and six months. The disease of which he died is the Typhus fever prevalent to some extent in Fitchburg and in certain other places in New-England the present season.

About five years ago, Mr. Morse took the pastoral care of the Church with which he was connected at the time of his death. After laboring in that place about two years, he removed to West Cambridge, where he continued to preach more than a year, when, on the invitation of his former people, he returned to Fitchburg.

Brother Morse was characterized as a man of prayer. His deep and solemn piety was evinced, both when publicly persuading the sinner to be reconciled to God, and exhorting his brethren to grow in grace, and when mingling with society. We have never heard it said that his deportment was at any time unbecoming a man of God, who professed to live for eternity and to seek the spiritual welfare of others.

His labors were attended with a good degree of success, and many have, by his instrumentality, been converted from the error

of their ways to walk in newness of life and in new obedience. The absorbing desire of his heart was to win souls to Christ, and in this sacred work he was instant in season and out of season, being much in solemn and fervent prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit to bless his efforts and those of his brethren. On the last Lord's day in September, he exchanged labors with Br. Brown of Westminster and shrank not from the duties of the pulpit, although the fever of which he died was beginning to make alarming progress in his frame. This was his last public effort. The next day he was confined to his house and was soon prostrated by the fatal malady.

On the fourteenth ult. being called to supply his pulpit, we visited him and saw that he was rapidly descending into the valley of the shade of death; but we also saw that his holy soul was sustained by a strong faith and a hope full of immortality.

In reply to an inquiry whether he felt sustained, he said—"O yes, I should be in a miserable condition now, if Christ were not my support." After we had prayed together, he gave his hand in parting, saying with great solemnity—"If I do not live to see them again, tell the brethren to persevere in the holy work."

On the 25th, we again visited his people, and found them as sheep without a shepherd. Grief pervaded the assembly, and the widow came up to the house of God to seek relief and support in the same Almighty Savior in whose sustaining arms her husband had fallen asleep.

It was, indeed, a Sabbath of peculiar solemnity to that people. Two other circles of mourners came around the altar, for death had entered their dwellings, also, during the same week.

We were informed that, during the last several months, Br. Morse had seemed to be preparing for an early departure, and that a few weeks before his attack he had remarked to his wife that he thought one of them would soon be called away.

He had long been actively engaged in promoting most of the various causes of general benevolence, but being engrossed with what he esteemed his peculiar work, the conversion of sinners, he had not, until within the last few months of his life, had his attention particularly attracted to the cause of the suffering slave.

But when, on a particular occasion, he came to understand the nature of the Anti-Slavery cause, instead of "passing by on the other side," instead of refusing, like some, even to open his pulpit to the cause, or to give a public notice of a prayer-meeting for the oppressed, he "remembered them that are in bonds as bound with them," and bore them fervently on his prayers to the throne of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." He appointed and attended the monthly concert of prayer for the slaves, and introduced the practice of taking up a contribution of money in aid of the Anti-Slavery Society, contributing liberally himself.

In all respects, so far as we were acquainted with our departed brother, and have learned by others the course of life he led, the declaration is as appropriate to him as to any other man—"The memory of the just is blessed."

We are told that, notwithstanding the frequent delirium induced by the fever, his words and manner indicated an unvarying occupancy of thought on holy things and the deepest interest in the concerns of the soul. On the Monday preceding his death, a brother in that church being present, Mr. Morse, though very low and apparently about to depart, began to pray audibly and continued long in the most fervent supplication for the revival of the work of God in that and several other towns in the neighborhood.

And when on Wednesday evening, he was aware that his hour was come, he uttered many ejaculatory petitions for those about him, dwelling with great fervency on the name of "Christ." His last word was "Christ—Christ"—and he closed his eyes in a peaceful sleep to last "till the heavens shall be no more."

It is suitable to remark that the Church in Fitchburg has suffered several afflictive bereavements, during the current year, among which has been the loss of Br. Searle, one of the most useful members and the superintendent of the Sabbath School.

FAILURE OF MINISTERS

While death is taking away some of our brethren in the ministry, others are becoming disabled.

We are sorry to learn that Rev. Charles Miller of South Reading has been laid aside for several months by a sore throat, and has recently requested dismission from the pastoral office.

He is about to remove with his family to North Livermore, Me.

"THE MODE OF BAPTISM."

A something called "a Poem," by Rev. Jotham Sewall, has lately appeared in the Christian Mirror, attempting to hold up to ridicule the ordinance of Immersion. It has also, been copied into the Boston Recorder and several other papers. The reason we do not copy it, is that we think it too low.

"THE NATIONAL UNION,"

The avowed pro-slavery paper in Philadelphia, has taken a very grateful notice of us "in words following, to wit"—"We are much obliged to the editor of the Christian Reflector for publishing our prospectus, &c. He is the first editor of an Abolition paper who has condescended to stoop, &c. The Reflector is much pleased with our use of the maxim, 'Might does not make right,' and says it is 'one of his own fundamental maxims.' We applied his 'fundamental maxim' to the District of Columbia—to the legislative power which Congress possesses over it, which power was granted to Congress by the States, not with a view to their abolishing slavery from the District, for that was not thought of, and therefore it could not have been the intention of the States, as it certainly is not their wish, that Congress should exercise this power in a way and manner contrary to the intention of the grantors. We say then, 'Might does not make right.' Again, Mr. Reflector, although we say, as far as the District and Congress are concerned, 'might does not make right,' and although you have endeavored to pervert our application of the maxim, and torture it into something foreign to our intention and suitable to your own views, we say *Right makes Might*, and that the South having this right—the right of holding slaves—guaranteed to her by the Constitution, by her own laws and the laws of the country, she, and she alone, has the 'might' to abolish slavery from her borders, by the enactment of laws by her State legislatures, which, when she shall see proper to do, she will do, without aid, assistance or advice from you, or any of your brethren of the corps editorial," &c.

We deem it due to that great and holy cause which we advocate, and for the success of which, to its final triumph, our hope rests calmly on the maxim now avowed by "The National Union," that "*Right makes Might*,"—to take a candid notice of the above remarks of the editor.

In the first place—he could not have placed beneath our eye three words fraught with more cheering truth than these—"Right makes Might." In applying this maxim, the friend of truth begins with carefully inquiring what is "Right." As this is to be the lever of his strength, in order to place it on its fulcrum and beneath the weight to be raised, and to grasp it with his hand, with good effect, he needs first to find it. What is "Right," therefore? Let it be borne in mind that we are searching for a definition which essentially belongs to the word, and not one which a capricious self-interest may have attached to it, in order to cover and hide beneath this sacred word wickedness more or less foul. For to "call evil good and good evil" for the express purpose of perverting the truth, belongs to the "father of lies," and not to any friend of God or man. That is "Right," then, which is approved at the highest tribunal in the universe. All else is essentially wrong.

If we are agreed in this definition, we are prepared to look for our lever—"our might," which is to be employed either to sustain or to overthrow the system of American slavery, among those moral powers contained in the righteous man's workshop, and there placed expressly for his use by the great Master.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. God has made of one blood all the nations men. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye the same unto them. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Thou shalt not oppress. We unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages. Deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor—do no violence. Open thy mouth for the dumb, and plead in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Break every yoke—let the oppressed go free. Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a Law?"

Here is the "Right" which is "Might." This, then, is the long lever which we are to apply to slavery. What is often called the "legal right" to hold men in bondage, is here shown to be a legal wrong, the "framing of mischief by a law," with which act God has no "fellowship," instead of converting a wrong into a right, only rendering the mischief greater, and, therefore, being a more grievous wrong.

As to the question—"Lord, who is my neighbor?"—the answer is well-known; and the fact of general "Amalgamation" at the South precludes the possibility of evading its inclusion of American slaves, even if the native or full-blooded African were not to be accounted our neighbor. We may stop here just to express the hope that, as the editor of "The National Union" has declared his determination to go against "all Amalgamation," he will be very faithful in discharging this duty at the South as well as at the North; for he may rest assured of our cheerful co-operation with him in this good work; and we would respectfully ask him, if on reflection he does not more than suspect that it is a shameful thing for any advocate of slavery to say any thing about "amalgamation?" Equidem, miror magis quam —!

But to leave this and take up the main point—inasmuch as every law which empowers a man to hold his fellow man as a slave—a "chattel"—is itself a gross infrac-

tion of the divine law of love and justice, and a bold infringement on the prerogative of God, no such law can, with any show of reason, be adduced as creating any "right" to hold a slave, but only as creating a legal wrong. Who needs be told that the South has, by the mischief-framing laws she has enacted, created to herself the legal power to hold her slaves as long as she may see fit? but a legal power to do wrong can never create any "Right" to do it. This is the point. Dost see it?

Since the "National Union" has "nailed his flag to the mast" in support and defence of the system of American Slavery, as a system of moral "Right," or in other words, a system approved at the highest tribunal in the universe, we have a right to expect of him a fair demonstration of the proposition that Slavery is "Right" by the approval of God. Is he prepared to attempt this? We pause for a reply.

In regard to our alleged perversion of the maxim, that "Might does not make Right," by applying it to the overthrow of slavery, instead of leaving it where the editor placed it as a support of the system, we have only to say that it is "right" to apply a general maxim wherever its nature makes it suitable to a particular case; but it is wrong to attempt the application of it where it has no fitness. He had applied this maxim in denial of the "Right" of Congress, holding by the Constitution the exclusive jurisdiction over the District of Columbia, to exercise the power thereby vested in that body. But surely Congress must have the "Right" to use their Constitutional "Might" when wrongs call aloud for redress—when the practice which they are called upon to abolish is vicious, obviously unjust and cruel, and, therefore, at war with the very foundation principles of the Constitution itself—those principles which had been, with a spirit of noble daring, announced to the world in the Declaration of Independence, in defiance of the great political maxims and doings of tyrannical Europe. "All men are created equal," says that Declaration, and, therefore, they ought to be equally protected in the enjoyment of their heaven-bestowed "Rights, among which are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness."

So, in sound accordance with this Declaration, the Constitution was "established to establish justice and to secure to ourselves and to our posterity the blessings of Liberty," &c.

What "justice" requires had been solemnly made known by "the Declaration," viz. that all men shall have the enjoyment of "LIBERTY," &c.; and now the Constitution was established to reduce those principles, which lay at the foundation of the "Rights" of "all men," to practice in this republic. Every Slave-law is, therefore, obviously, undeniably unconstitutional, and Congress ought to abolish every such law which comes under their jurisdiction, as do the slave-laws of "the District." But here "the National Union" claims for "the South" the exclusive "Might" to abolish slave-laws "when she shall see proper so to do."

Indeed! so the right of Congress to legislate on "National" territory, "the District," is held in the "Might" of "the South"! Why not, we ask, in the "Might" of the North? Is this editor a Northern citizen, who claims for the South the exclusive right of legislating for the Nation? This surely is a "National Union" which the Hancocks, and Adamses and Quincy's and Franklins never dreamed of cementing, or of leaving their Northern posterity to cement!

Again, we ask, with all due deference to a man who will thus surrender his own rights to please a slave-holding community, what he thinks of the "Rights" of that portion of "the posterity" of the Southern men who aided in establishing the Constitution—that portion of their "posterity" who are, by the process of Southern "amalgamation," now in slavery? Are they, or are they not, Free by the words of the Constitution itself—"to secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of Liberty?" We of the North have a right to "ask questions," and Northern apologists for Southern sins, have a right to answer them. In the exercise of this right, we ask how the editor of "the National Union" knows that it "was never thought of" by the framers of the Constitution that Congress was to exercise its Constitutional power to abolish slavery in "the District?" And again, Is the editor aware that Maryland has already repealed one odious slave-law which stood on her statute book at the time of the cession of the District, and which stands now as strong as ever in that part of the District which was ceded by Maryland? By this fact, it appears that the South cannot by her "Might," repeal those very laws which she enacted, when those laws are once placed the Statute-book of the United States. Maryland has annulled this very law in her own borders, and yet, notwithstanding all the "Might" claimed for the South, she is obliged to see that law put in force in the District and to see Congress receive a petition for its repeal from the inhabitants of the District and refuse to grant that petition. Dost thou know what that law is?—if so, please see to it that the South use her "might" in securing its removal from the Statutes of the Nation and oblige numerous friends of the country and of the slave.

EXHORTATION.

The following exhortation of our fellow citizens of Merrimack County, N. H., is timely, and, we hope, will quicken many to their duty.

Resolved, That we have no sympathy with those self-styled friends of Temperance in Massachusetts, who are so warmly engaged to overthrow their License law, but we exhort all our Temperance brethren in that State, to unite in the support of law and good order, and never to cease their efforts until the law shall be so amended, as entirely to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits as a drink.

RECENT BAPTISMS.—Revivals still gladden the hearts of many of our brethren, and if not extensively enjoyed in New England, we should rejoice that in distant places the Lord is pouring out his spirit, and adding to the churches, and we should also take encouragement and pray for the same blessing to be granted in our congregations.

From the Kentucky Baptist Banner, we learn that the church in New Liberty, has received sixty, at Greensburg Forks, 18—at Hopewell, 14, 15—at Glen's creek, 20—at the 2d inst. in King and Queen Co's. Va. 47 were baptized; about 40 were added to the Salem church, Green Co., Ill.—at Rock Spring Iowa Territory, several expressed hopes and, 6 were baptized—14 have been baptized and added to the Bethany church, Alabama.

In August ult., twenty-two were added by baptism to the Millstone church, and 18 to Cloud's creek church, Elbert county; 26 to the White Plains, Green county, and 7 to the Mars Hill, Clark co., Ga.—on the 9th inst. 12 were baptized in Louisville, Ky.—at Spring Beach church over sixty have been recently baptized. In an around Asheville, Alabama, about one hundred have been added to the Baptist churches. Thirty-two have been recently added by baptism to the Pungo church, Princess ann county, Va.—the fruits of a protracted meeting.—A great revival among all denominations, prevails in Irvington, Alabama.

Remark. As we are often told that, if you make the slave-holder a christian, you will prepare him to emancipate his slaves, we may hope to hear that these revivals will be speedily followed by numerous emancipations.

JUST RELIGION ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE MISERABLE.

This is an expression used frequently in relation to those who are trying to live partly to God, but more to the world. It is not a correct phrase, however, for religion makes its possessor happy. And there is no half way work about it, for he that gathereth not with Christ scattereth abroad. The professor, therefore, that loves the world is a backslider; and instead of having religion enough left to make him unhappy, he has lost it, and this is his misery.—Morn. Star.

SUMMARY OF NEWS

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—A late Paris paper, gives the following interesting narrative of a very singular and most important discovery made by a Parisian gentleman, with the aid of a telescope from the heights of Montmartre:

As a gentleman was taking a rural walk from the quarter of the Nouvelles Athenes, where he resided, up to the heights of Montmartre, he was seized with a fancy to peep through the telescope of a peripatetic astronomer, who had established his erratic observatory near one of the windmills. After a minute survey of the surrounding landscape, the amateur was induced to direct the telescope on his own house near the foot of the hill, when, through the open window of the first floor, he distinctly observed an individual opening the drawers of his secretary, and with all convenient expedition appropriating its contents. The astounded observer had sufficient presence of mind to call some passers-by as witnesses of the robbery, and each of them after a peep through the telescope, gave his name and address in writing, and declared his readiness to appear as an evidence of the theft. After the usual declarations to the authorities, the robber was arrested, and, as the stolen goods were found in his possession, he was fully committed for trial.

REM AND MURDER.—Mr. Asa Clark Jr., of Freetown opposite New Bedford was stabbed by Benjamin Cummings on Tuesday of last week and died on the following day. Cummings was a State Prison bird and an inebriate.

Noble Liberty.—It will be recollected that we published, a few weeks since, the fact that a farmer in Belchertown cleared nearly \$5,000 on the products of three fourths of an acre of mulberries. We have since accidentally learned another fact in relation to this individual, which we cannot refrain giving to the public. The gentleman alluded to, makes it a practice to give one fifth of all his annual income to charitable objects; and this year, having been highly prospered, his contributions will not be less than two thousand dollars!—Northampton Courier.

It is proposed to abandon the idea of retaining New Orleans as a seaport, in the exact sense of the term, but to effect the object of making her so in the most eligible point of view, by running a rail-road direct from the city to Lake Borgne, on the gulf of Mexico, and establish there a grand depot within a few hours of the city. For this the state have already subscribed \$200,000, and individuals \$200,000, leaving but a small sum required.

THE POTATO TRADE.—The Massachusetts and N. Hampshire papers inform us that great quantities of potatoes have been shipped from most of the sea port towns for the Southern states.

A lot of potatoes shipped from Massachusetts to Philadelphia, and costing nearly 45 to 46 cents a bushel on board vessel, are now in Philadelphia market, and nobody there is willing to give more than the original price, thus losing the whole amount of freight, and perhaps something more.

The Court House at Columbus Ga. was burnt on Sunday night the 21st ult.

Snow fell in the lowlands north of the white mountains on the morning of the Sabbath, 7th ult. The summits of the mountains are now clothed with the frosty mantle, and will probably remain so during the next six or eight months.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

For Governor. MARCUS MORTON.
For Lt. Governor. THEODORE SEDGWICK.

Senators.

Norfolk.—Benjamin P. Williams, Benjamin V. French, Asa Pickering.
Worcester.—John Spurr, Jedediah Marcy, Sullivan Sumner, Nathaniel Rand, Nathaniel Wood, Charles Sibley.

Suffolk.—Caleb Eddy, F. A. Raymond, Jacob Amee, Stephen Child, Benajah Brigham, B. F. Hallett.

Norfolk.—Benj. P. Williams, Benj. V. French, Asa Pickering.
Middlesex.—Leonard M. Parker, J. W. Mansur, T. J. Greenwood, George Robbins, Bowen Buckman.

Hampshire.—William Swan, Laban Marcy.

Hampden.—Asa Lincoln, Matthew Ives.

Berkshire.—Samuel Gates, Henry Williams.

Barnstable.—Jesse Boyden.

CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS.

District. Whig. Democratic.
1 Richard Fletcher. Bradford Sumner.
2 Leverett Saltonstall. Robert Rantoul, Jr.
3 Caleb Cushing. Gayton P. Osgood.
4 Nathan Brooks. William Parmenter.
5 Levi Lincoln. Isaac Davis.
6 James C. Alvord. Thomas Nims.
7 George N. Briggs. Henry W. Bishop.
8 William B. Calhoun. Wm. W. Thompson.
9 William S. Hastings. Alexander H. Everett.
10 Nathaniel B. Borden. Henry Williams.
11 John Reed. Henry Crocker.
12 John Quincy Adams.

WHIG NOMINATIONS.

For Governor. EDWARD EVERETT.
For Lt. Governor. GEORGE HULL.
Senators.

Bristol.—Lemuel May, John Eddy, Ephraim Kempton.

Plymouth.—Joseph Meigs, Jared Whitman.

Worcester.—Linus Child, William Hancock, James G. Carter, Thomas Kinnicut, Artemas Lee, James Allen.

Suffolk.—Samuel T. Armstrong, George Blake, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Nathan Gurney, George Morey, Charles Leighton.

Norfolk.—Thomas French, Samuel G. Goodrich, Joseph L. Richardson.
Middlesex.—Sidney Willard, Stuart J. Park, Lilly Eaton, Samuel B. Walcott, Samuel Chandler.

Hampshire.—Myron Lawrence, William Clark, Jr.

Hampden.—George Ashmun, Reuben Boice, Jr.

Franklin.—Ephraim Hastings.

Berkshire.—Stephen P. Brown, Lester Filley.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, Oct. 29.

At market 1650 Beef Cattle, 1100 Stores, 4700 Sheep, and 2250 Swine.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle.—Our last week's quotations were fully sustained. We quote the same, viz: first quality 7 50; second quality 6 75 a 77; third quality 5 75 a 6 25.

Barrelling Cattle.—Mess 6 75; No. 1, 5 75 a 6 25.

Stores.—We continue our former quotations, viz: yearlings \$9 a 14; two year old \$18 a 22; three year old \$24 a 38.

Sheep.—Dull—and former prices hardly sustained. We quote lots at 1 54, 1 88, 1 92, 2 12, 2 37, 2 75, 3 and 3 25.

Swine.—Lots to peddle were sold at 6 1-4 a 6 1-2 for Sows, and 7 1-4 for Barrows. At retail, 7 a 8 1-2. A few hundred Swine unsold.

MEETING OF THE BOARD.

A special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Christian Reflector will be held at the Office in Worcester, on Friday the ninth day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. As important business is to come before the Board, and to prevent the necessity of frequent meetings, it is extremely desirable that every member be present at this meeting, and at the hour appointed.

The meeting is fixed on the ninth to accommodate such members of the Board as may attend the Minister's meeting in Grafton, the day previous, and may find it convenient to remain there till Friday morning.

MINISTER'S MEETING.

The next session of the Baptist Minister's Meeting of Worcester and vicinity, will be held by leave of Divine Providence, at the house of the subscriber, on Thursday, the 8th of November next, at 10 o'clock A. M. The members of said meeting, and Baptist ministers generally in the vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend.

OTIS CONVERSE.

Grafton, Oct. 22, 1838.

LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The next regular meeting of the Worcester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the house of J. M. Earle, Front Street, on the 6th inst. (Tuesday next) at 2 o'clock, P. M. Ladies friendly to the cause are respectfully invited to attend.

Nov. 2, 1838.

MARRIED:

In Dudley, Oct. 7, by Rev. Walter Follet, Mr. David B. Kingsbury to Miss Betsey Robinson.

In Framingham, Mr. John K. Hastings to Miss Mary Coolidge.

In Marlboro', by Rev. Wm. Morse, Mr. Willard Arnold to Miss Mary Maynard.

In Southwick, Oct. 24, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Luther Z. Mason, to Miss Cordelia Fowler, both of S.

In Bellingham, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. T. May, Mr. Martin Rockwood, Jr., to Miss Julia M. Cook.

In Vernon, Vt., by Cyrus Washburn Esq., Mr. George Wellman to Miss Philena Wright, both of Amherst, Mass.; Mr. Erasmus D. Field to Miss Levinah Cole, both of Barre, Mass.; Mr. Hiram Keet of Leverett, to Miss Rebecca Wilder of Springfield, Mass.

DIED:

In Sutton, Oct. 20, Harriet S., daughter of Philip Howell, aged 23.

In Northboro', Oct. 26, Abijah Brewer, ag. 48.

In Rutland, downed, Oct. 23, Thomas, son of William Otis, formerly of this town, aged 6.

In Auburn, Oct. 6, widow Sarah Eddy, 70.

In Shrewsbury, Oct. 11, suddenly, Mr. David Miller, 48.

In Sterling, Sept. 13, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Luther W. Rugg, 28.

In Northbridge, Oct. 26, Ruth, wife of Nathan Adams, 53.

In Southboro', Sept. 23, Martha Elizabeth, only child of Thomas R. Capen.

In Sturbridge, Oct. 26, Miss Lois Belknap, daughter of Samuel Belknap, 19.

In Barre, Miss Ann Woodis, 19.

In Athol, Oct. 20, Mrs. Miriam, wife of Mr. Moses Chase, 61.

In Charlton, Oct. 4, Samuel Richardson, formerly of Leicester, 53.

In Crockeraville, Fitchburg, on the 7th Oct. Mr. Varanus Eunens Crocker, aged 26, a son of Dea. Samuel Crocker; on the 25th, Mrs. Hannah Crocker, his widow, aged 25; and on the 21st, Caroline Stone, aged 8. These and Rev. A. Morse died of the prevailing fever.

In Paxton, Miss Elizabeth Metcalf, 44.

In Ware, Rev. Augustus Reed, formerly of Rehoboth, 30.

In Westport, Mrs. Sarah Devoll, aged 100 years and 2 months.

In Cornwall, Rev. Simon Stanley, pastor of the Baptist church, 52.

In Framingham, Oct. 23, Micah Stone, Esq. aged 40.

In Salem, Oct. 20, Mr. Philip Roche, a native of Ireland, aged 132.

In Woonsocket, R. I., on the 27th inst., of typhus fever, Dutee B. Aldrich, a member of the Society of Friends.

In Amherst, N. H. 7th ult. Daniel Chapman, Esq. in the 100th year of his age. He was born in Londonderry, now Windham, June 27, 1739.

In Hartford, 20th ult. after a protracted illness, Rev. Elisha Cushman, editor and proprietor of the Christian Secretary, and formerly pastor of the Baptist church in that city, aged 50.

At the residence of his brother, near Sing Sing, N. Y. Oct. 13, Com. John Orde Creighton, of the U. S. Navy.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, Mrs. Sarah H. Boon, daughter of Mr. Joseph H. Denny, formerly of Leicester, aged 21.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 14, Miss Maria Louisa Stone, daughter of Israel Stone Jr., of Auburn, aged 19.

In Peoria, Illinois, Hon. Lewis Bigelow, formerly of Petersham, in this County, author of Bigelow's Digest, and at one time Representative from Worcester North District in the Congress of the U. S. aged 73.

In Belvidere, Illinois, William Fitch, formerly of Grafton, 28.

At Sullivan's Island, S. C. 10th ult. Mr. James Hamilton, eldest son of Gen. H. of Charleston, aged 24.

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

ON A SUBJECT RELATING TO THE HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND. Second Edition, Improved and Enlarged.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

In consequence of the publication of this little manual Dr. Woodard has rendered a great public service. The evil to which it alludes, is far more common and destructive than generally supposed. Thousands believe, or feign to believe, that Mr. Graham and others, have unintentionally or by design, exaggerated it. We hope the work before us will serve to convince—(1) that the most skeptical, that it is high time to understand the matter as it is, and to take such measures in reference to its prevention as the nature of the case and the circumstances may admit.

From the Boston Recorder.

It is something more than fastidiousness of taste; would that it were anything short of vitiated moral feeling; that condemns the efforts of philanthropic individuals to expose the physical and moral dangers of vice, which are not fit to be named; and to warn the rising generation against pollutions that cannot be indulged even in a small degree, without imminent hazard to every personal interest. This superelevating tract is evidently the work of a minister, a physician well skilled in the science of his profession, and a sincere friend to the youth of his country. It deserves and claims "an extensive circulation amongst parents, teachers and youth," that it may "prevent a PERVERSION as well as a CURB," to a wide spread and exceedingly injurious evil to the young.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

Weeks, Jordan & Co. have republished from this Journal, a small treatise of sixty pages, entitled "Hints to the young, on a subject relating to the HEALTH OF THE BODY AND MIND," with additions by the author. At the time the chapters appeared in our pages, they were extensively circulated and read with deep interest by the profession, and the public generally. The object of collecting the whole into a compact pamphlet form, is that the melancholy facts there disclosed may reach those who would otherwise remain utterly ignorant of the various modes in which the mind is impoverished by solitary vices, and the body broken down in early life under the uncontrolled dominion of the passions. One single circumstance will recommend it to the intelligent reading, thinking community, had it no other merits. viz. Dr. Woodard, of the Insane Hospital of Worcester, is the author.

Published and for sale, by the quantity or single copy, by WILLIAM D. TICKNOR, corner of Washington and School streets, Boston; by THOMAS J. BAKER, at the Reflector office, and at the Bookstores in Worcester.

N. BLACKMAN,

No. 2 Goldards Row, Worcester.

HAS on hand a general assortment of HATS and CAPS, suitable for all ages and sizes, which will be exchanged for current money, farmers' produce, lambs' pelts, or WELL WASHED PROMISES.

July 20, 1838.

BIBLES! BIBLES!

DORR, HOWLAND & CO have just received a large addition to their assortment of Bibles, of all sizes.—Pulpit, with gilt edges, Family, Pew and Pocket,—some with 16 plates for 50 cents, and some without plates as low as 37 1-2 cents.

Worcester, July 20, 1838

POETRY.

JESUS.

BY MISS SIOGHART.

"Hail Him who loved us and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood!"

How hath he loved us?—Ask the star,
That on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where He, the Eternal, bowed his head.
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judea's mountains lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught,
Speak, favored Olivet—so soft,
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought,
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath he loved us?—Ask the band
That fled his woes with breathless haste:
Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
Scarcely his bitterest tears effaced;
Then ask the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee!

Ask of Gethsemane whose dew
Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,
Which in that unwatched hour of pain
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswerable lamb he bore:

How hath he loved us?—Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,
Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst
Their prisons at his fearful cry—
O ask no more! but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

HUMAN LIFE.

Life has a thousand charms,
A thousand dreams of bliss;
Hope, Friendship, Love, thy bosom warms—
A gleam of merrit this:
But soon that sunlit hour is past,
And hope lies shivering from the blast.

Life has a thousand ills—
A thousand anxious fears:
Clouds gather on the sunny hills,
And doubts dissolve in tears;
But Hope comes smiling through the storm—
A rainbow round her angel form.

Life has a thousand joys,
Youth fondly dreams forever;
But night draws on—Youth droops and sighs
"Will day return?—Oh never!"
Swift as a breath, light breaks the gloom,
And Gladness smiles on Sorrow's tomb.

Tis but a change at best,
Upon Life's busy shore,
A little toil, a little rest,
And all its cares are o'er.
Then sealed, immobility thy state—
Fixed—and irrevocable, thy fate!

It is a dream! But know
Death's cold hand breaks that slumber;
And who shall tell, if bliss or woe
Those countless moments number?
It is beyond an angel's ken
To pierce the veil that rises then.

Life is a narrow sea,
But who its bounds may tell?
Its viewless depths—Eternity—
Its limits—Heaven or Hell!
A point—a moment—on it hang
Unuttered bliss—exhaustless pang!

'Tis thine—but moments past,
Nor prayers nor tears recall;
Even while thou rodest, light and fast
Thine's noiseless footsteps fall;
And o'er life's golden sands he flies,
His path serene as evening skies.

Health harks upon thy brow—
But Death's cold victims see;
Soon thou must lie as they do now,
And others gaze on thee,
When Life, and Hope's gay visions seem
To them as bright as once thy dream.

From life's rose-wreathed bower
Thou glisstenest gayly forth,
All is bright—a sunny hour
On sky, and sea, and earth;
But darkness cometh, and the gloom
No beam can pierce—a rayless tomb!

Oh, where's thy spirit, when
Friends round thy couch are weeping,
Borne on an angel's pinion then,
From where that dust is sleeping?
Death solves the question! Ere it come prepare
None find their pardon, or repentance there!

SLAVERY.

WEST INDIES.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

The St. Christopher Advertiser, August 14, says that, uninterrupted labor continues, and contracts for work have been almost universally entered into, between the directors of estates and their laborers.

The Nassau Royal Gazette, Sept. 4, speaks of a rumor having prevailed, of a refractory spirit, and indisposition to work, among the liberated people on Ragged Island, for which purpose Mr. Special Justice Winder was despatched by the governor to examine and adjust the difficulty. The Gazette gives the result, from which it appears that the complaint had been himself the originator of the disaffection.

"We are happy to find that his mission has been completely successful, thus confuting entirely some reports which, previous to his return, we had received to the contrary. Not only were the Africans, in reference to whom and their employer he was alone sent, and whom, (we mean the Africans,) some circumstances in the conduct of the person who had lodged the complaint against them, had rendered disaffected,—not only were they brought to a contented mind, but the late apprentices, who also had been said to be insubordinate, was found to have entered into voluntary and equitable arrangements for their former masters, and continued at their labor in the Ponds with even greater industry and contentedness to what

they had been previously manifesting. We learn that a general feeling of satisfaction pervaded the island, at the zeal, intelligence and discretion, which had been evinced by Mr. Winder in the discharge of his duty.

"We add with satisfaction, that the season has been an exceedingly good one, and that there is now upon the island, a considerable quantity of salt ready for disposal.

"It no less pleases us to learn that there is a general desire manifested among the people to obtain the advantages of moral and religious instruction—a laudable desire, which, we hope, will be gratified ere long."

ST. LUCIA.

This island, of 158 square miles, has a population of 1000 white and 18000 colored. We know very little of the island, except from having before us a couple of columns of the St. Lucia Palladium, which seems well inclined to put the worst face upon things. The Commercial Advertiser prepared the following summary.

"The accounts from St. Lucia are very bad; in some parts of that island, the conduct of the negroes was so alarming that detachments of troops were sent to keep them in order."

We will now give a more extended view of the case; and that our readers may judge for themselves, we will quote from the St. Lucia paper itself.

"The laborers are acting like over-grown children—will not engage to work for wages, neither will they quit their houses and lands. They ask for three months to rest. It has got into their heads that the law allows them three months to remain idle, and that they have a right to retain their houses and lands during that period; and they appear to think that the forming of any new engagement would bind them again to a new apprenticeship. Thus they wander about, undoubtedly the dupes of unprincipled advisers. Many thefts have been committed, and numerous depredations. Mr. Goodman's cutting house has been broken open, and a quantity of sugar stolen from it.

Palladium, August 10.

This last incident, lamentable as it is, is the only specific act of crime that is mentioned. The above refers to the neighborhood of Soufriere. From the windward side it is said—

"The negroes still refuse to resume their work, or demand exorbitant wages, some of them singing to the tune of three livres per diem. At the Praslin estate they went to work on Monday, making fine promises, and the manager rejoiced at having 50 people at work; but how long did this last? They have since struck, and refused to perform any work. There is not a single negro in the field on any estate in this direction."

The next paper, however, puts a different face on this Praslin story, but we do not expect a single "commercial" paper in the United States will give the correction.

"We have much pleasure in being authorized by Mr. Bushby, manager of Praslin estate, to contradict the report given in our last, that the laborers on that estate had struck work; it was an error. Mr. B. writes that 'every day last week I had upwards of 50 people in the field, and not one of my domestics or jobbers have left the property.' We only regret that there are but few estates in the island similarly blessed."

August 13.

The source of the mischief may be seen from the following:

"The liberated folks held out that the Queen's Law allows them to remain in the full enjoyment of all their former privileges and indulgences for three months at least without working, and that it is only Planters' Law that would exact labor from them. In the town of Castries, the Jobbers' Ordinance has been the means of checking in a great degree the march of idleness and its consequent evils. No fellow is now allowed to perambulate the streets, without some legal occupation,—and he must be armed with his copperplate badge or go to jail.

"We do not think His Excellency ought to be troubled again with the fatiguing, annoying, and futile task of personally exhorting the laborers."

August 11.

"It is with the greatest difficulty we have got people to mind the cattle; they will not do as much at Richelieu, though offered three dollars per month besides the same allowances as formerly."

August 13.

This is the only definite statement we find as to the offer of wages—three dollars per month, and allowances. How unreasonable that they should not make engagements with such liberal proprietors! We now come to the military affair.—We give three different paragraphs from the same paper, and leave our readers to put them together for themselves.

"It has been deemed necessary to call for military aid with a view of humbling the high and extravagant ideas entertained by the ex-apprentices upon the independence of their present condition; 36 men of the 1st West India Regiment, and 12 of the 74th have been accordingly despatched, on board of Mr. Nutter's schooner, the Louisa, to land at Soufriere, and march into the interior."

August 3.

"As for the marching of soldiers into the country, we must candidly say, it is far from claiming any admiration from us. Good police regulations, firmly enforced, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the appointment of some one possessing the confidence of the negroes to explain the laws to them, will, if any thing can, have any effect in existing circumstances."

August 8.

"The detachment of soldiers which were sent to the coast last Sunday, returned on Thursday night, bringing two prisoners, Mr. Dieudonne, manager of the Savannes estate, and a Mr. Clermont, to be committed to jail. We have not heard what is their offence."

August 13.

So, this tempest in a tea-pot, the only case in which the military have been ordered out in all the islands, even to the number of 48 men, issued in the capture of two white men as the insubordinate disturbers of the peace—one of them a manager!

ST. VINCENT.

This island with a territory of 130 square miles, and a population of thirteen hundred white and twenty six thousand colored, has

three newspapers. The editor of one, the Chronicle, himself a descendant of Africa, is said to be devoted to the interests of his kindred, and a man of good sense and patriotic feeling. In an address, August 10, "To the newly emancipated, he urges them to follow the very laudable example of those who have already turned out to work," and assures them that "the offer of two bits per day, with the perquisites you may enjoy, is very liberal, and as much as the proprietors of estates can possibly afford to pay."

The Royal St. Vincent Gazette of August 11, says "the laborers with very few exceptions, still refuse to labor for the fair wages offered them, and continue rambling about, or idling away their time in their houses."

"The St. Vincent Gazette of the 14th says that the laborers generally have refused to work, standing out for higher wages. The terms offered them, were one shilling and six-pence currency per diem for the highest class, with house, provision ground, medicine and medical attendance; and they demanded two and six-pence per diem, with allowances of clothing, sugar, salt fish and rum.—Com. Ad.

The Gazette says these terms are "just and liberal, and quite as much as the planter can afford to pay, with any prospect of carrying on the cultivation with advantage, and far higher than are paid in Antigua, where free labor has been carried on for four years, or in St. Kitts and Nevis."

The following from the Gazette of Aug. 17, is better.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT, AUG. 13th.

"The unpromising appearance of things in this quarter is slowly changing; within the last few days a portion of the laborers on several of the estates have turned out to field labor, but unless in a few instances, performing little labor."

"The estates where agricultural labor is going on may be said to be the following: Cane Garden and 12 others named, but when I say these estates are carrying on their cultivation, perhaps there is not more than half the requisite number at work, and on some only a few."

"Yet this picture is flattering when compared with some districts where not one hoe is struck, and where the laborers entertain the most absurd and extravagant ideas, of which surely it is the duty of some one to endeavor to divert them, as they will not listen to the local authorities."

To which we may add in the leeward quarter—Ottley Hall and 7 others named, where the laborers are partially at work, and Belisle and Tromauca, where they mastered in full force and are working cheerfully. At the Friendship estate, Bequith, they have behaved extremely well, and are now doing a full day's work. We sincerely hope that the next report will be more favorable."

Further advices to Aug. 25, are still more though without particulars, only ascribing the "returning good conduct of the laborers," not to force or oppressive laws or displays of military power, but "to the proclamation of the Lieut. Governor, and the judicious exertions of the Special Justice, Mr. Ross."

"We see announced the death of John Wilson Adams, editor of the St. Vincent Chronicle, who distinguished himself by his long and zealous efforts to effect the emancipation of the negroes. Like Wilberforce, he died just as his labors were crowned with success."

TRINIDAD.

This island is so advantageously situated for trade, that the people are expecting great prosperity, and are as much agitated with the "currency" question as our own commercial metropolis. But this knotty point is not for us to unravel. Sufficient honor will be for us to unwind the meshes of cruelty and fraud and sophistry which bind the slave."

A writer of some paper, under date of Aug. 7, says:

"On the 25th July the Governor and Council declared all the negroes free on the 1st of August; a measure which seems to have been dictated more by necessity than any other feeling; and I am confident that had it not been done, we should all have our 'red coats' on this day. Many of the negroes have declared that they would not have worked after the 1st, nor would they have allowed themselves to be forced to do so—meaning that their resistance would have been no longer passive but active: as it is, every thing has gone on smoothly, most of the proprietors of estates have agreed to hire their former apprentices at about 3 bits per working day, (or rather for a certain quantity of work, called a task or day's work, though they sometimes get through 1-1-2 and even 2 tasks per day,) with their usual allowances of salt fish, &c. On some estates, however, they have refused to come into these terms, and require 5 bits per day, which had been paid in a few isolated instances during the apprenticeship system, for free labor, where there was not a sufficiency of apprentices to cultivate the estate; but the estates can never afford to pay it for an entire gang. I have little doubt but that we shall have plenty of laborers over from the old islands where there is a redundant population."

The Port of Gazette, Aug. 3, says the First of August passed without excitement of any kind. The churches were opened, and sermons preached. The Roman Catholic chapel was particularly well attended, most of the "laborers," as they are now called, being of that persuasion. The Trinidad Standard, of the same date, says, "We are now within that magic circle, the approach to which, during some years, has been the bugbear of our waking thoughts, and the nightmare of our dreams. So far, every thing promises well for the peace and happiness of the community, and for the industry of those who have but lately been recognized as forming part of it. The greatest harmony and good feeling have been exhibited by the emancipated negroes toward their former masters, whilst the latter have, we believe without exception, advanced to a more familiar and less authoritative position as regards their late servants."

The Standard of Aug. 10 gives very gratifying accounts of the working of emancipation in

that island. The first three days of August were given up, by mutual consent, as a holiday, after which the negroes generally went quietly to work; and there was every appearance that things would go on well and harmoniously. The general rates of wages were, for the lowest class of laborers, six dollars a month without allowance, for the middle class eight dollars, and for the highest twelve dollars, with an allowance of half a pound of salt fish and two drams of rum per day. Contracts were generally made, however, by the day, at 3 shillings currency for a day's task of a given measurement, with an allowance of fish and rum. In all cases the laborers have their houses and provision grounds free of expense. Work was generally resumed on Monday. And the Standard notices as "an extraordinary proof of the disadvantages under which the master suffered in his late position," that "many estates turned out MORE HANDS THAN THEY HAD EVER MUSTERED AT ONCE for years previous. The Hospitals were empty, the sick had been cured, the lame healed, the blind were restored to sight, and the insane to their senses. The boy of last Monday, belonging to the 2d or lower gang, was suddenly endowed with strength and muscle of the man, and WANTED A FULL TASK;—whilst the feeble man, whose strength would not before allow him to go through the work of the first gang, found it instantly renovated to the necessary pitch—the whole being the miraculous result of the sanitary effects of freedom!"

A very few gangs had refused to work, and some had declined continuing under their first engagements, on the ground that higher wages were given on other estates in the neighborhood. Some anxiety existed among the planters about funds to carry on their cultivation till crop time, and especially for small change to pay the laborers."

Such a report from Trinidad, so many of whose laborers were native Africans, brought a few years ago from a state of barbarism, and many of them subjected to the utmost severity of sugar cultivation, is highly gratifying. Population, 4000 whites, 40,000 colored.

It is said that the papers of Aug. 21 are less favorable, but we have not the particulars.—Emancipator.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CHINA ASTER.

"I planted it with my own hands," said my little sister, holding up a withered China Aster, plucked up by the roots, "I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning—and after all," (wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron,) "after all it is dead!"

Alas! how many occurrences in life resemble Mary's flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and laying it as it were in our bosom, "love it as a daughter." Fancy paints it in gay colors. Increasing in beauty, we see its leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude from the swelling bud to the full blown blossom; and then, when we fondly expect to enjoy it, reality tells us—after all it is dead!

How often does an only son engross all the cares of his parents, and wind himself around every fibre of their hearts. To cherish the idol is every wish on the stretch; to indulge it are all the vanities of art and nature procured. Sleepless nights and anxious days are their lot; and lo! when they hope to see the end of their labor, struck by the hand of disease, or debased by the contaminating hand of vice, the agonized parents find—after all it is dead!

And how sanguine are the expectations of those relatives and friends who possess a lovely girl, endowed with the charms of beauty and goodness! How do they exult in her every idea! She is the delight of their eyes, the solace of their calamities, and the dependence of their declining years. Friendship rises in her defence like a wall, and affection nourishes her as the mild dews of spring. And to how little purpose! The cancer worm of disease preys upon the root of this sweet sensitive, and the scorching flames of the hectic drink up its moisture. It fades. The hands of friendship and affection are united, to support it in vain, for pain and languor have caused health's blossoms to decay, and the lustre of beauty's eye to fade quite away. The dearly beloved, the cherished and idolized daughter dies. Regret, bitter regret, wrings the hearts that surround the lovely breathless form, and the weeping parents with anguish exclaim, "after all, our care, solicitude, and watching, she is dead!"—Children's Magazine.

A LITTLE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

In the spring of the last year, a girl, about twelve years of age, who is a scholar in one of the Sunday Schools connected with the Southwark Sabbath School Society, was in a delicate state of health. Her father being a seafaring man, employed in navigating a sailing vessel to the coasts of France, resolved to take her with him to Dunkirk, where an English family resided, and with whom he was acquainted. The Sabbath previous to going, on taking leave of her teacher she asked for some tracts to take with her, as she said she hoped they might be useful. Her request was cheerfully complied with, and she was supplied with a bundle of tracts. She was the only female on board the vessel, the crew and passengers of which were very profane. The voyage proceeded very tediously, and on one occasion they were detained for many hours; this gave occasion to the utterance of a profane oath, which shocked the feelings of this child, who had been taught the sinfulness of swearing. Lying in her cabin very ill, she thought of her tracts, and mastered strength enough to crawl to her box, and taking out "The Sinner's Prayer," she put it into the hands of the young man who had been the most profane, and asked him if he would like to read that little book. He said he should be glad to read any thing to pass away the time: he read it aloud, and every individual appeared deeply attracted—a solemn pause ensued. This encouraged the little girl to go to her box a second time. She then brought the "History of Naaman." This was eagerly read by the same youth,

and listened to with equal attention; so much so that, not a word was spoken for several minutes. Some time after an oath was uttered; but it was heard with general disapprobation. The young man who had been reading, addressed the swearer, and said, "How can you swear after hearing what has just been read? I have determined never to swear again as long as I live." "So have I," said another; and the whole company entered into a solemn vow that they would not swear any more. This engagement they adhered to, at least to the end of the voyage, as no more profane language was heard during the remainder of the passage. When landed at Dunkirk, and the parties were separating to proceed to their respective destinations, the young man begged the little girl would oblige him by giving him the tracts he had read, that he might carry them with him. This she very readily did, and they then parted, probably never to meet again in this world. The other tracts she took with her, and read them to the family in whose care her father left her, and who were very glad to hear them; and during her stay, frequently requested her to read them over again. After a residence of about a month, she returned to England in another vessel, leaving behind her, at the particular request of the family all her little books. She arrived in the Thames about 12 o'clock, on Saturday night, got on shore, and reached her home between one and two on Sabbath morning. In the afternoon, she appeared in her place at school, and related to her beloved teacher, with feelings of peculiar animation and interest the history of her little bundle of religious tracts.—London Home Miss. Mag.

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